

HUNTING AHEAD OF ROOSEVELT IN EAST AFRICA

PISTOLING BIG GAME

Baron Albert Heinrich.

IF I were to advise African hunters to discard rifles for pistols in big game hunting I should be laughed at and there may be some who will receive with incredulity the following accounts of some remarkable uses to which I have put a pistol in big game hunting. However, my 12 seasons of the use of the approved weapons will allow me the expression of a little idiosyncrasy of this sort.

MY 40.40 LUGER PISTOL.

The particular pistol used was one without which, or its mate, I should never again take the field. It was a specially constructed 40.40 in caliber Luger magazine gun, carrying nine shots in the magazine, long cartridges and combination, thin-jacketed bullets, the shock from which was tremendous as I decided after testing it out shooting monkeys. I am not a more than average pistol shot, yet, as with all arms where the line of recoil is low in the hand grip, the accuracy is great, and I found I could secure the best results not by bringing the gun down as the American cowboy shoots, but with a swing from the left hip to the firing point. I can kill antelope, giraffe and ostriches from horseback with such a method of pistoling, and I defy any man to do such work with an old-fashioned cylinder gun.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH HIPPOPOTAMI.

The first time I ever made serious use of my Luger was in the upper Rufu country. I was coming down proque one rainy day and the dug-out was loaded with camp supplies and all of my good guns lay on the bottom, tied fast, with the exception of the English elephant gun, which I kept at hand anticipating an encounter with hippopotami. We took the wrong side of the stream at two little islands and were compelled to shoot a sharp rapids which effectually drowned all noise we were making and slid us into a pool around a bend where there were some twenty hippopotami. Without giving them warning or allowing me time to act more than to raise my elephant gun and empty both barrels into two splendid hearts, who endeavored to sink alongside, the piroqued on through the herd and rammed a young bull who had not the depth in which to sink, and he turned on the piroque and crushed the side of the dugout as if it were cardboard, emptying crew and contents into the water. Guns and all went out of sight; even the Masai diver got out of the mad-dened herd. All in all, it was a very lively scrimmage. I could not dive, cumbered as I was, and in three seconds found myself in water to my armpits, facing two very dangerous enemies, the young bull who had crushed the boat and another who bore an assegai flapping in his back, where one of the Masai had plunged it before he died. The assailed animal was next to me and made for me openmouthed, his blood coloring the water about, the pool being an eddy.

SAVED BY MY PISTOL.

I drew my Luger from under water, took a good firm stand on the bottom, so as to dodge his rush and, as he came on, I thrust the pistol at the yawning red cavity and in a twinkling pumped four shots into the roof of his mouth. I might as well have exploded a stick of dynamite there, for he died like a broken-necked rabbit, and sank. I did not have time to turn before the young bull was on me and his jaws missed me twice before I plunged so far to one side that he must turn his unwieldy bulk to reach me. As he did so I gave him three shots in the side of the head, but the first would have been enough. He floundered on into shallow water and lay flooding blood. The two other shots I held ready for attack from any of the others, but the remainder of the herd was entirely sunk. New black heads began to appear and in a short time we were patching up the piroque with canvas and getting the sunken cargo out of the bottom of the pool. There could have been no less than twenty more of the big creatures in the water, but every one of them got away into the main stream unobserved, leaving us the two I had pistoled.

CLOSE CALL FROM LIONESS.

A week later I had reached the sandy plains and was on the lookout for some of the peculiar varieties of genus bok of that region, small, wary, fleet creatures, very hard to hit and very hard to stop unless hit fairly. I was alone and mounted on one of Hakeba's best and well-trained Arabian mares. She was tethered behind the acacias some hundred yards away and I was stalking four gemsbok grazing about a spring when I observed them taking careful note of something on the other side of a rock cairn. They seemed to be constantly on the

verge of taking flight and, as I was not yet near enough for a sure shot, I was greatly perplexed. The genus bok, the tethered mare, I and the unknown object of their observation formed the four points of a sort of square, with the rough cairn of rock in the center. Finally they received their leader's signal, and were off like the wind, leaving me to return to the mare and follow if I chose. I determined to see what it was that had frightened them and, working my way to the cairn, I peered between two rocks and saw that my mare was being stalked in her turn by a very fine lioness and a three-quarters-grown male. They were creeping up in her wind. I could have frightened them away easily by trying a shot from that distance, but I wanted to bag both and felt confident of being able to get up behind them in time to stop any attack upon the mare. As I watched them they vanished into a long thicket and I hurried down from the hummock and began following the line of their progress.

THE HUNTRESS HUNTED.

Both lions and I were moving side by side toward the horse, they in the undergrowth, I in the short grass, and soon I came to an open space about twenty yards from the tethered animal. The lioness saw me and whinnied. I lay very still, knowing that sooner or later the lions must cross the open space to get near enough to spring.

bearer and exulted that there were several in a stony valley to the north about one hundred miles, around a brackish lake. It was a marvel that black leopards should be found there, or within 200 miles of the spot, but the thing was due to one of those freaks in the dispersion of animals, such as brought gorillas to the Portuguese mission regions, 500 miles from the nearest point to which I would go to find a gorilla.

I thought to try out the story and after making a permanent camp by a spring in the edge of the timber belt I set out, accompanied by Abdel my Theban.

It is the soundest of sayings that in water and game country the number of men does not matter, but in bad lands the fewer the better. The third afternoon we sighted the dispersion of the little lake and reached it just at dark, pitching camp in a protected coulee.

I LEAVE CAMP ALONE.

After we were settled I smoked till moonrise and Abdel was asleep. I heard nothing but small animals as the moon came up, and that is the time to take count by sounds. As the Arabs say, "It is a very old lion that will not salute the rising moon and a very young one that will mock the thunder," which, if true, lays Milton open to the charge of inaccuracy.

When the moon was fully up I slipped on my boots and, very scantily

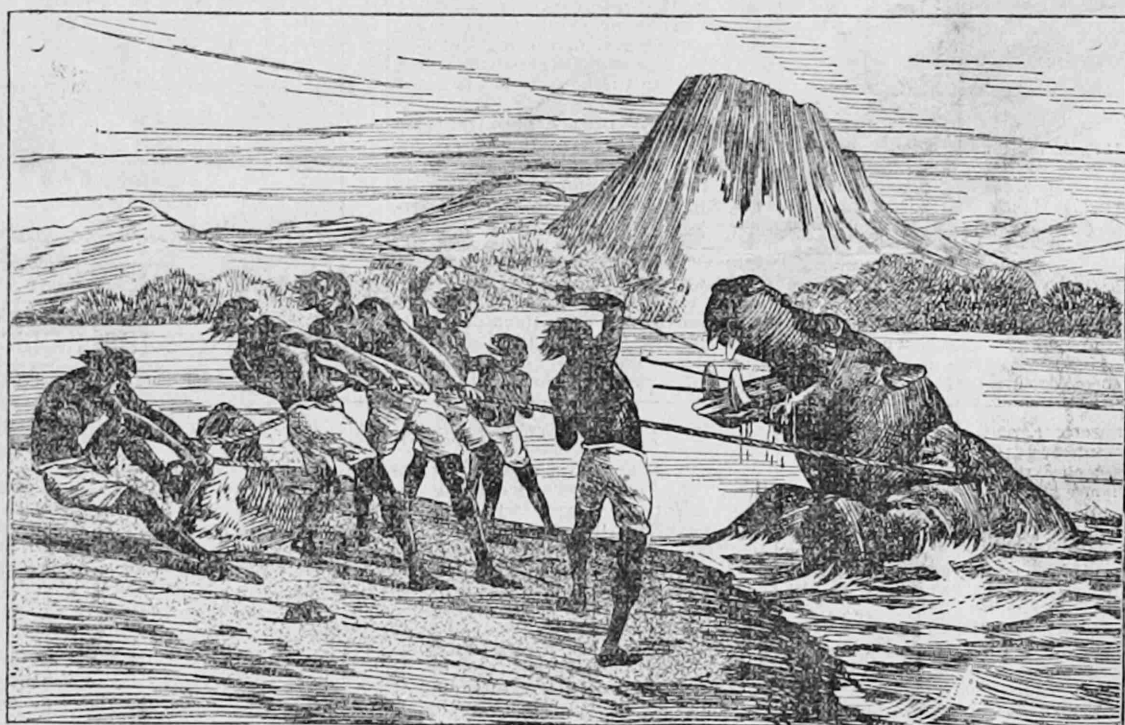
ly, on a little point of land running out into the water, crouching in among the reeds, I saw a dark shape move and two fiery eyes gleaming at me.

BEAST AT BAY.

I stood where I had the beast, whatever it was, at bay unless it took to the water. I drew the Luger and stood hesitating. The chances that it was a lion were very, very small, and yet there was a chance and I felt rather feebly armed for the contest should this prove to be the case. If it were a black leopard I had even greater need for an accurate aim and one that would produce a large wound with heavy shock. Perhaps some one who reads this will criticize me for not being aware by this time of just what that 40.40 would do. I was aware of it, if I stopped to think, but the habit of a lifetime of hunting was strong, and I did not have time to think. There must be spoor and I must have crossed it at some rocky point. I retraced my steps, moving sideways, with my eyes first on the clump of reeds and then on the sand and shale. I did not get a chance to see the spoor until later, for the animal in the reeds read attack in my movements and came for me like a great dark furry avalanche.

THE LEOPARD'S TERRIFIC ATTACK.

Have you ever seen a cat dart along the ground and then spring on a



LANDING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS I HAD PISTOLED.

A hungry lion is even more cautious than one partly fed, and if it had not been for occasional movements in the thicket and the behavior of the small birds I would have thought they had gone out the other side, so long was the wait. The sun had gone down and it was getting shadowy when the lioness came creeping out, but before I could fire the young lion darted forward and spoiled my shot. If I wished to save the mare and to get one or both of them I must act quickly, so I fired for the head of the lioness, my best mark, and tried the other barrel for the young chap's flank.

THE LIONS CHARGE ME.

I struck the lioness in the heavy bones and bowled her, but she was up and whirling around with terrific roars. The young one had his right forelimb crippled, but when the lioness charged me he, too, came lumbering in her wake. I threw in two cartridges, but the breach jammed as I closed it.

A lonely situation, indeed. My pistol hung in my saddle holster. How I got up and got to the mare I can hardly remember. I do recall the way in which the lioness struck me as I dodged her. If her paw had reached me this story would never have been told. She was hard after me. The young fellow stood ten yards away roaring in an ecstasy of pain and the sound seemed to infuriate her. She sprang entirely over the mare, and as she turned I began pumping the 40.40s into her, and she dropped without getting crouched and I stooped and fired under the plunging mare at the other, my first shot shattering his spine and my next taking his heart. The lioness was rolling over and over, clawing and biting the grass and shrubs, and fearing she would reach the mare and injure her I watched my chance and planted two more bullets in her chest and finished her. "Well, well," said I to the Luger as I refilled the magazine, "Next thing I know you will be bringing down elephants for me."

MY HUNT FOR A BLACK LEOPARD.

It was quite some time before I used it again in close work, and then it was on the edge of the desert. I had been wanting a black leopard among my trophies for some time and had heard from a Mussourange vagrant

clad, walked forth to see what sort of sport there was about the lake brim. I did not intend to go far; had no idea of encountering anything, and the fact that I stuck my Luger in the front of my undershirt was purely precautionary. I found several old and large leopard spoor, and nothing else large or fresh at all till I had rambled fully half a mile from camp, when sudden-

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pistol stopped I realized that it was empty and rolled over to get out of the range of the murderous blows the dying heart was flinging about. Never have I seen an animal die harder. He was riddled, yes, literally riddled, but for at least three minutes he tore up the place as if he were in a frightful convulsion, then sprang into the air and dropped dead. My shoulder had three deep gashes in it and, leaving him lying there, I hurried back to camp before I should get too weak from loss of blood. As is often the case with wounds received in the desert, they healed like magic. Abdel recovered the skin, but owing to the terrific penetration of the pistol (the cat's body had been entirely perforated by four of the shots) the skin as I have it today has 16 holes in it. As it was my first black leopard, however, and came very nearly being my last, I have kept it.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE IN ZEREBE.

It was not until the second year that my pistol came again into distinct service, though I used it often on running and jumping shots for sport, and to its credit I listed quaggas, giraffe, hyena, crocodile, jackals and even the winging of an insane Masai who attacked me with a broad spear one night. I had been treed by a rhinoceros the year before, when I would have been delighted to have had it, but my belt had been ripped off.

The night that this last story befell, our party, including two white men, were sleeping in zerabe, when Abdel came to me and woke me saying that one of the donkeys had strayed. Donkeys were very precious. My Luger hung at my hip, and as I walked with him to the spot where the donkey should have been we heard a crunching sound on the other side of a pile of packing cases. I peered around them. The donkey had not strayed, nor would she ever stray. She had been killed in zerabe and was now being eaten by a magnificent old black maned lion, one of the aristocrats of his race. So intent was the lion that he had not heard our steps on the sand, and the steady wind was with us.

USING MY PISTOL.

I whispered to the Theban to get my German rifle and he slipped away



while I stood, Luger in hand, waiting his return. But my Nubian friend was quite finished with his meal, or his sixth sense warned him, for suddenly, rising to his full height, he sniffed the air as a bear does and began to move away. I glanced over my shoulder. No Abdel yet, and so I chose the forward cast of his right shoulder on the next stride and planted one of the big thin-jacketed bullets there. He gave a choking roar and a bound into the dark and was gone. Not thinking, save to prevent his escape, I plunged after him through the hole he had made in the zerabe and came directly upon him between two rocks outside, where he had dropped for the moment. His eyes flashed fire and he whirled with surprising quickness and power to spring, but I got two shots into the hulk of him before he could do so and he merely pitched forward and gave up the ghost.

THE NUBIAN KING'S MATE.

If I thought the adventure ended I

was greatly mistaken, for as Abdel came running up that instant, not only with one rifle, but two, he pointed to the ridge of rocks 50 yards from the zerabe, and there, plainly outlined against the sky, was the Nubian king's mate coming to see why he had called her and what those strange explosions meant. I threw up the German rifle and fired at her shoulder. Abdel cried out that she was down. The whole camp was awake by this time and by the light of kindled fires I found her bloody trail along the ridge and at last came upon her, curled like a cat on a big rock among some short shrub, licking a shattered fore limb. She met us with defiance. Hartwig was with me now and, telling him to cover with his heavy rifle, I gave mine to Abdel and advanced on her, waiting till she attempted to rise. As she did so, I drove one and then another of the 40.40s into her throat, and both the lord of the desert and his mate were bagged by pistol.

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Tailor Was Not Signaling.

Tries on New Shoes and Brings Vol-
ley from the Bar
Room.

The tailor's shop is above a saloon. The tailor likes his German joy, and is such a steady customer that the saloonkeeper decided to put in a dumb waiter for the purpose of shooting the larger up to the tailor without having to carry it up to him or wait for the tailor to run down.

"We shall have signals, no?" suggested the tailor. "Yes I stamp my foot on der floor once, dot iss von beer. Ven I stamp two times, dot iss two beers, and so on."

"Dot iss it," responded the saloon keeper, with a smile that indicated his approval. "Von stamp iss von beer

und two stamps iss two beers, und yet on so long as you stamp."

The saloon keeper had not been back in his bar room more than five minutes until he heard noise from above. He tried to count the stamps, but lost the count. He just loaded a dozen glasses of beer on the dumb waiter and sent them up. Then he went upstairs with four glasses more. As he entered the tailor's door he was surprised to find no one in the shop but the tailor.

"Vot's der matter, Herman?" he said. "Vot are you doing? Are you giving a party?"

"Vot you mean? For vy iss all dis beer?" queried the tailor.

"For vy iss all dose stamps if not for beer?"

And Herman, to his financial terror, suddenly realized that he had been stamping on the floor. He was trying on a new pair of shoes.

They didn't try to put the beer back into the keg.

Soothing Effect of Music.

There is nothing new in the theory that music has a beneficial effect on persons who are nervously affected, but its application has not yet become so general as the men who believe in its sedative powers wish. The great Napoleon, who was not a musician, recognized the influence of harmonious sounds and by his order bands "made music under the hospital windows." This order is still in force in the provinces, where the military bands give concerts at stated times in front of the hospitals.—Dr. Spodato, in Medicina Italiana.

A GALLA ELEPHANT HUNT

Major W. C. Harris.



ERE the sun had risen, the party were in the wilderness where near double the number of Galla had been assembled by the chiefs Boroo and Abbo, to whom, before commencing the labors of day, suitable gifts were presented. The swamps of the southern side of the waste having drawn unsuccessfully, columns of dust which arose from the opposite quarter high above the trees, were pronounced to indicate the tramp of a troop of elephants; and thither the hunters hurried.

Resolved to prove that the Gypsies would not place others in a position which they scrupled themselves to occupy, the hunt was continued for some hours with those of the Amhara who possessed sufficient courage to enter the haunts.

At length, about two in the afternoon, came a summons to the presence of the governor, who, being much fatigued, was seated below a spreading tree, and about to propose a return to the tents. In a long-studied speech he set forth that his followers had done their utmost also for that day, and had driven the elephants, which were countless as the forest leaves, from place to place, as though they had been village kine, but that the Europeans—"here his harangue was cut short by the appearance of a Galla scout, who galloped furiously up ex-

claiming, "They drink, they drink, in the Jow-waha!" The council instantly dissolved. Inspired by a new ray of hope, the hunters leaped again into the saddle, and, carrying their rifles across their shoulders, made at full speed for the river.

A gallop of three miles through a dense covert, consisting of strong, elastic wands, interlaced with prickly weeds and coarse spear grass, left the crowd far in the rear; and, arriving at the spot where the animals had been viewed, "Yellow Horse" with half a score of his wild riders, was alone present. The deep holes left by the feet of the monstrous animals in the wet sand at the water's edge, were still bubbling from below; and from the summit of a tree, the broad backs of a herd being presently identified at some distance, by the measured flapping of their huge ears, it was resolved that the native allies should tarry where they were, while two of the party proceeded quietly to the attack on foot before the governor, with his noisy retinue, should arrive from the rear.

THE QUARRY FOUND.

After much opposition on the part of old Boroo, who vowed that the despot would hold him responsible for the accident which the rash measure was certain to entail, the arrangement was finally carried. A stealthy advance on the wind, under cover of the

copsewood, soon revealed a small open area which had been trampled completely bare, and in its center, beneath the scanty shade of a venerable camel thorn, which had been well polished by continual rubbing, stood a gigantic bull, surrounded by four of his seraglio.

British credit was now completely at stake. Creeping, therefore, to the extreme verge of the covert, in order to render certainty more sure, a two-ounce ball, planted in the only small fatal spot presented by the huge target, laid low the mighty patriarch of the herd, whose fall made the earth tremble. One of the survivors, rushing toward the ambush, received a volley of hard bullets in her broad forehead, which turned the attack, and brought her also to the ground, after a flight with her companions of 50 yards. She, however, rose after some minutes, and escaped into the thick forest to die, attention being meanwhile entirely engrossed by the tusker, the nobler party, who, although prostrate on his side like a fallen tower, manifested in his dying moments, by sundry portentous noises and uncouth struggles, an inclination to resume an erect position. His destruction was speedily completed; but it was still impossible to leave the spot from a conviction that the brag-gart Amhara rabble would not fail to claim the honor and the credit of having slain the prize with their powder, and should any per-

chance find the carcass during the absence of the lawful proprietors—a surmise which was fully confirmed by the appropriation of the tail as a trophy by the very first man who made his appearance.

DEED CREATES SENSATION.

The death of this lordly monster, to which so little importance would have been attached in those parts of the African continent where the event is one of diurnal occurrence, created in the mind of every beholder a sensation of astonishment and admiration hardly to be described. The fame of the exploit, carried by express couriers, spread from corner to corner of the empire; and although far from universally credited, it produced even more than the good effect anticipated. Those who, when the storming party first entered the covert, had sought safety in trees, could with difficulty be prevailed upon to descend, in order to approach the mountain of flesh from which life was said to have departed; and finally mustering courage to do so, in the frenzy of excitement launched their spears and discharged their matchlocks, to the imminent peril of the bystanders and of each other. On the first intimation of the animals having, after two days' diligent search, been actually discovered, three-fourths of the whole party had incontinently disappeared. The Galla horsemen, who had previously boasted the destruction of elephants with

their spears, did not venture to approach for a full hour after their ears had been saluted by the reports of the rifles; and even the warrior who vaunted himself the "hereditary chieftain of all the braves of the Amhara nation," long clung pertinaciously to his secure seat among the topmost branches.

As the fact of the downfall of the noble beast became more widely credited, and the scattered forces gradually rallied around it, chief after chief offered his hand in congratulation of the, in his eyes, daring exploit; expressing wonder and amazement that a small rifle-ball had been able to accomplish the annihilation of the build and life of 70 seasons, and extolling the prowess of the king's European visitors in the encounter with so formidable a monster whose colossal strength could have carried him trampling through a whole array of their own host, dealing death and destruction wherever his will impelled him. While dancing and howling around the carcass, amid the crimson torrent which deluged the ground, they affirmed the deed to be the work of genius, and of supernatural beings, and complimented the doers as the "bravest of the brave," under the titles of "Figa" and "Gobez," declaring that "the mold whereof the Gypsies were fashioned must be of a rare quality, and that if all the subjects of Shoa were but composed of the same material, the dominions of Bahela Se-lausie would know no limit."

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